THE JOURNAL

LUCIAN SWIFT, MANAGER. | J. S. McLAIN, EDITOR.

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Average for November... 51775

Dec. 2	51,220
Dec. 3	51,471
Dec. 4	51,068
Dec. 5	50,923
Dec. 6	51,095
Dec. 7	52,807
Dec. 9	51,316
Dec. 10	51,333
Dec. 11	51,323
Dec. 12	50,902
Dec. 13	50,163
Dec. 14	52,085

The above is a true and correct statement of the circulation of The Minneapolis Journal for dates mentioned.

KINGSLEY T. BOARDMAN, Manager Circulation.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 16th day of December, 1901.

C. A. TULLER, Notary Public, Hennepin County.

A POSSIBLE REASON FOR THE MERGER

An interview given by President Mellen, of the Northern Pacific, to a New York paper, was quoted in The Journal on Saturday, in which Mr. Mellen spoke in enthusiastic terms of the condition of the Northern Pacific property and its prospects. He declared that its earnings were increasing at a satisfactory rate, and with nothing to indicate a less satisfactory increase in the future. He went into details to explain why these earnings were increasing, and recited important improvements in equipment made necessary by the increased traffic.

What Mr. Mellen had to say is only a translation of the figures in the official reports from month to month into general terms. Northern Pacific is fine property, is in fine condition, and is producing satisfactory returns to its owners. There is no reason to believe that it has anything to gain by combination with any other road, particularly nothing to gain from combination with the Great Northern, which, it is well understood, is not in as good physical condition. It is true that Great Northern earnings have been large, expenses comparatively light, dividends generous, and that the stock has been raised to a high figure, but it does not appear that the condition of property has been as carefully looked after, and it is believed by railroad men that Mr. Hill seeks a combination with the Northern Pacific because he realizes that that road is in better condition and is a dangerous competitor with his own. It is strongly suspected that his anxiety to accomplish the practical consolidation of these two roads is due to his desire to make the Northern Pacific help take care of the Great Northern, to state the case moderately. This has been Mr. Hill's ambition for years. He tried it in 1895 and failed, and he is believed to have been looking for some way in which to produce the same result ever since. The merger is the plan hit upon, and represents a scheme for the success of which Mr. Hill is exceedingly anxious. If it shall fail the effect of that failure upon his original property, the Great Northern, may not be unimportant.

But while no one would wish to see the value of that property unfavorably affected by any unnecessary conditions, the people of Minnesota, at least, are not willing that its interests shall be protected at their expense, nor that a property like the Northern Pacific, capable of being carried on successfully as an independent competing line, shall be required to carry another property not in as good condition, while the public "pays the freight."

The enthusiasm and patriotism shown in Argentina and Chile in preparation for war suggest that any power that tackles the Monroe doctrine will have a lot of trouble on its hands, even if the United States kept its hands off. And it is worth remembering that when the Monroe doctrine was promulgated, South America, unaided, had driven every foreign soldier from its soil. We make fun of the South Americans as fighters, but fighting them may not be so funny.

MARCONI'S TRIUMPH

A London cable verifies the report that Marconi received signals from the Cornwall coast, England, at St. Johns, Newfoundland, during the last week, using a kite with an aerial wire to transmit and receive them, showing that wireless telegraphy is a possibility even across the Atlantic or any other ocean. Marconi is prudent enough to announce that this arrangement is in its embryonic stage, and, of course, is not immediately available for business. He thinks the possibility of ultimate development is demonstrated by the present measure of success. He is probably right.

When the first experiments with wireless telegraphy were made across the English channel, it was found that induction was too strong for the concentration of signals upon a particular point and that they could be read for some distance each side of the line of transmission. This difficulty is now said to be obviated and the gain to the practical utilization of the invention is immense. In order to send signals across the Atlantic very great electrical power will be required as well as very high masts for the transmitting and receiving devices. It is established that signals can be transmitted 1,700 miles across water without wires. It has been said that "the jest of yesterday becomes the fact of to-day." The telegraph itself was the subject of jest at one time as were submarine cables, but the few faithful stuck to the idea and no one jokes about the possibilities of telegraphy to-day. The first Atlantic cable which was laid was broken; the second was laid successfully and the historic messages of President Buchanan and Queen Victoria were sent over it with some others, when the signalling became weak and the cable failed. But the demonstration of the possibility of submarine communication having been made, there was no difficulty getting millions with which to try the experiment again and, to-day, the bottom of the sea is strewn with cables transmitting messages continually hither and yon. Apparently we are to believe that the cable will ere long become a thing of the past, for, if wireless telegraphy across the Atlantic becomes a regular commercial utility, the economy of the process will cause the cable to vanish to the limbo of the obsolete.

The effect of such cheapened telegraphy will be felt under conditions of war as well as of peace. It is easy to see how the movement of navies can be chronicled and the enemy advised in a way which will baffle the best naval strategists. It is easy to foresee that the cheapening of land and ocean telegraphy ultimately to the cheapness of letter postage, will make communication by the former method far more frequent than the latter. This is the twentieth century and we have a right to expect wonderful things in the field of invention and we have reason, too, not to be surprised by anything which comes from inventive minds.

WHERE LIFE IS NOT TAME

The news from the Philippines continues to be full of interest and variety. In the last batch we have the story of the fighting in Batangas and Laguna and the announcement that General Bell, the tireless fighter, has announced a wholesale concentration of the native population of both of those provinces. By way of Hongkong comes a story that a general native uprising is being planned and that an attempt at a masacre is feared even in Manila. Then we have the story of General Torres' tearful gratitude to General Chaffee for pardon on conviction of murder. Finally we have an account of a severe earthquake in Manila.

Our own west may be as dead as a door nail, as Owen Wister puts it, but the devotees of adventure and lovers of "something doing" may distract themselves by plunging into the strenuous life of the Philippines. The frontiersman, hunter and Indian fighter and all who find life too tame at home, can entertain themselves, and at the same time be useful, in the American East Indies.

Another familiar figure in Minneapolis life is gone. Harlow A. Gale has joined the rapidly increasing number of those first settlers and makers of Minneapolis who have crossed the great divide. Within the last two years there have been so many deaths in the ranks of these that we may say that the first year of the new century has practically marked the disappearance of the generation of the founders. Mr. Gale's was a busy and useful life. He has well earned his rest.

THE BEGINNING OF A GREAT WORK

A draft of the irrigation bill, soon to be introduced into congress, has been published. It is a fusion of three measures formulated by several members interested in irrigation. It is a bill that should receive the careful attention of the whole country. While it has as yet been looked upon as a minor measure it is destined to grow into one of the greatest internal improvement enterprises the national government has ever entered upon. It means an attempt to subjugate to the plow millions of the most fertile lands on the globe. It means more room for the expanding and multiplying millions of this buoyant and virile nation. It means more food for them and the world. If it is successful it will effectually annex to industry much land that is as useless to the country now as the desert of Sahara, part of the national domain though some of it has been for almost a century. It means a great and prosperous agricultural population for states that have hitherto built their wealth on mines and grazing. It means infinitely greater possibilities for national growth and greatness.

Not the least important of the benefits that will flow from the use of wireless telegraphy at great distances will be the means it will offer wrecked or helpless ships to summon assistance. It will be possible to communicate with other ships or directly with the land and to give the location so accurately that a ship sent to the rescue will know directly where to go. There will be no more days of distress for the shipwrecked while they wonder whether they will have the good fortune to be picked up.

SENATOR HANNA'S NOBLE HOPE

Senator Marcus A. Hanna, before leaving Cleveland to attend a conference in New York, called by the industrial bureau of the American civic federation, said:

I would rather have the credit of making a successful movement to bring labor and capital into closer relations of confidence and reliance than be president of the United States.

If by resigning my seat in the senate I could bring to fruition plans we are now fostering to make strikes, lockouts and great labor troubles impossible, I would do so gladly.

Such a purpose does honor to Senator Hanna. Utopian as it may be for any one man to hope that he can find a solution of the problems arising out of the conflict of labor and capital, it is a splendid sign of the good time coming when a man of the senator's wealth and business affiliations earnestly addresses himself to a consideration of means of reconciling the two great active elements in the production of wealth. The desire for a peaceable settlement is a sign that one will be reached some day. Much can be done by such men as Senator Hanna to soften the asperity of the inevitable struggles, to prevent some altogether, to settle others peaceably and satisfactorily to all concerned.

But not in an hour or a day or a generation are such disputes to be abolished forever. The organization of society must first be radically changed, and the altruistic spirit must succeed the selfish spirit which is so largely the mainspring of industry to-day. The laborer wants and demands more wages. The capitalist wants and demands more dividends. Each thinks that the other is getting the "big end" of the wealth produced by their united efforts. When we reach such a stage of enlightenment that employe and employer can and do work for the welfare of all as well as for themselves, there will be little difficulty in adjusting such relations. We shall come to such a time just as soon as we are prepared for it. The best means of hastening that state of preparation is through education. Education is the great equalizer. When, so far as natural limitations will permit, all men are equally well prepared for life's work, the social and industrial problems will largely disappear. In the broad sense of education—as a sound and thorough preparation for life's work, as the preparing of the individual to realize all that is possible to him—we have but begun.

Congressman Payne would make progress slowly in reducing the revenues. He says there are several contingencies which may materially reduce the surplus. Never spoke Sereno a truer word—except that his several should be multiplied as many times as there are congressmen.

SPLIT ON ARBITRATION

It is officially reported to our government from the City of Mexico that it is very probable that the Pan-American congress will break up and prove a failure because of radical disagreement upon the subject of arbitration. It will be very unfortunate if this fear is realized. It was hoped that, while at the early sessions of the congress, there were dissenting voices on the subject, the opposition to international arbitration on this hemisphere would disappear before the persuasive influence of friendly discussion and an intelligent perception of the value of an arbitration tribunal to the material welfare of each Spanish-American state. Such differences as exist between Chile and her neighbors, Peru and Bolivia, over the Arica-Tacna question, which has been a source of almost phrenetic hatred between these states for nearly a quarter of a century,and the boundary question between Chile and Argentina, are legitimate subjects for the consideration of an international tribunal of arbitration, but there is something in the Spanish-American make-up which instinctively craves physical collision and turmoil and bloodshed in preference to the peaceful submission of disturbing questions to such solution.

The position taken by Chile and other states when the Pan-American congress assembled was that they were unwilling that the proposed arbitration should apply to any but future disputes. Peru and Bolivia, however, were willing that the Tacna-Arica dispute should be included in the subjects for arbitration, and they had good reason to take this position, for the acquisition of this territory by Chile was notoriously predatory and unjust, and a fair tribunal would, doubtless, favor them largely as a matter of simple justice.

It is to be hoped that the disgruntled Spanish-Americans will perceive the absurdity and folly of turning from a rational and honorable solution of their quarrels and difficulties back to the puerile and ruinous resort to internecine conflict which has characterized their history ever since they threw off the yoke of old Spain about three-quarters of a century ago. If Chile and Argentina proceed to war, the Pan-American congress, organized for the promotion of peace and amity, will present the appearance of a roaring farce.

Chile and Argentina are the progressive states of South America. They have paid more attention to the development of their resources and have had far fewer revolutions in the last forty or fifty years than the other republics. A large amount of British and American capital has been invested in these republics in railways and public works, and Argentina has become an active and strong competitor in the wheat markets of the world with other wheat-growing countries. These republics ought to appreciate the advantage of peace and business stability, and it may be that sober second thought will lead them to put up their guns and cause them to work for the things that make for peace.

This winter navigation of the Lake Superior north coast is all right, but if we were invited to accept a position on the boat we should gently but firmly decline.

SHINGLE CREEK'S AUTOCRAT

On its face the charge against Superintendent McDonald of the workhouse is a very serious one. There is no question that he permitted a prisoner to leave the workhouse for a day. It was not within his own authority to permit such a recess in a sentence and it was not within the authority of a judge of the district court to grant it. It appears that McDonald, who evidently thinks the judges are executives as well as officers of justice, wrote to one of the judges for permission to do what he subsequently did. Though the judge's answer is a plain denial of authority to grant the request, McDonald gave the prisoner in question liberty for one day. If he can do this for one prisoner for one day on his own authority, why can he not do it for all the prisoners for the whole time of their sentence? It is a common weakness of police and penal officers that they assume that their official powers are plenary rather than fixed and specified. Mr. McDonald evidently thinks that he is monarch of all he surveys north of Shingle creek. We are curious to know what kind of an explanation he will be able to make.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

The new bills at the theaters yesterday were: At the Metropolitan, "Florodora"; at the Bijou, "The Little Minister." Reviews will appear in this column to-morrow.

"It were not best that we should all think alike; it is the difference of opinion that makes a horse race." The foregoing is from the "Pudd'nhead Wilson" calendar, but when this delightful of all American comedies is presented at the Metropolitan the last half of this week there is bound to be a deviation from this belief, for all will agree that the play is one of the most interesting of the season.

The attraction at the Metropolitan for three nights and Christmas matinee, opening Monday, Dec. 23, will be Sarah Cowell LeMoyne in a new play written especially for her by Charles Henry Meltzer, entitled "The First Duchess of Marlborough." Mrs. LeMoyne is one of the prominent figures in the dramatic field at the present time and much interest has been aroused by the announcement of her engagement.

That most picturesque play, "Man's Enemy," which is remembered as being full of brisk action and stirring scenes, will be the Christmas week attraction at the Bijou. When seen here last season "Man's Enemy" was acclaimed one of the most exciting and best-staged plays of the season and quite different from the ordinary run of melodrama. The presenting company this year is promised to be an especially capable one and the scenic investiture is said to be unusually elaborate.

The Nonpareil Man

The Cold Wave.

Jonesboro, Dec. 16.—The mercury here fell to 32 below. The ridgepole on A. L. Johnson's barn, two miles out of town, curled up.

Norske Crossing, Dec. 16.—Mrs. Sjoshblom's well froze solid and has been pulled out and put in the icehouse for summer consumption. It was 38½ below the surface.

Bark River, Dec. 16.—Ice formed here Saturday.

De Crosse, Dec. 16.—Thirty-two below here. T. P. Jackson's wooden leg was slightly frosted while be was splitting wood. It was amputated by Dr. Backsaw.

Iceboro, Dec. 16.—It is feared that the crop of ice in the icehouse has been frosted.

Blue Island, Dec. 16.—Saturday was the coldest day since 1900. The oldest inhabitant cannot recall anything like it since the cold spell of that year.

Omaha, Dec. 16.—The bronze statue of Sitting Bull in Central park exploded Saturday under the extreme cold.

Medicine Hat, Dec. 16.—Winter has set in here.

Dawson City, Dec. 16.—You can see your breath here.

Sioux City, Iowa, Dec. 16.—No eggs in cold storage here have hatched since last summer.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 16.—Killing frosts are predicted for the northwest.

On the Side.

Dr. Macnamara tells a curious mistake made by a little English girl in school. She defined "bigamy" properly, but when asked what the word was for a state of civilization in which but one wife was allowed replied "monotony," an obvious attempt to remember the word "monogamy." It floored the doctor.

Savannah is at work on a negro world's fair for 1904. This takes the cake walk.

The deadly Christmas cigar in its pictured box is "laying" for the loving wife.

The present work of digging a way for the underground system of New York city is done largely by Italians or Poles, whereas twenty years ago such work would have been mainly done by Irishmen. The latter are now in the city council.

Wisconsin university students are clamoring against a too liberal hash diet. That U seems to be full of mystery. There was that football game—and now, hash.

A fine flow of artesian water has been tapped in Death valley. Yankee enterprise will yet ruin Hades as a place of punishment, unless it is stopped.

Nat Goodwin, who is trying so hard to be regular and uninteresting, says that the effect of English audiences upon American actors is depressing. The lack of either English or American audiences is yet more depressing, dontyerknaw.

The abuse of Tobacco—Uncle Mose Wetmore's operations against the trust.

A Boston critic found a split infinitive in the president's message. Perhaps that's what's the matter with some of the Boston copper properties.

A man will put $5 into a leather binding for his feet, but if he puts $5 into a binding for a book people think that he is crazy.

An Easy One.

The Rushmore, Minn., Enterprise started a "contest" in its columns last week. It said:

Why are there so few bald-headed women in the world? We will send the Enterprise free for one year to the person handing us the first correct answer. Contest to close Saturday noon, Dec. 14. Leave all your answers in writing, with name signed, at Christenson's office. This offer is genuine, no joke. Send in your answers promptly.

The correct answer, of course, is easy. The reason why there are so few baldheaded women is because so many women have hair. Send the paper to my house address, please.

The Goat Hands the Mule One.

The goat and the mule were browsing in the lower pasture lot last summer, when the goat asked:

"Say, did you notice that story about the cow blowing her own horn."

The mule rolled an eye over her shoulder and reached for the goat with the hoof that supported her left rear corner, but the goat dodged.

"No," said the mule, recovering herself and nipping off a promising young Russian thistle, "I can't say that I have."

"Yes," continued nanny, "she made so much noise about the quantity and quality of her milk that they had to dehorn her."

The mule expressed a polite sympathy.

"I don't know," said the goat thoughtfully; "sometimes I think we animals are not fully appreciated. Now I give a milk that produces a cheese ——"

The mule stirred uneasily. "I have heard reflections on that cheese."

"Butt"—said the goat suddenly.

The mule dodged.

"If you go to butting around here, I'll——".

"I used 'butt' as a conjunction not as a verb," explained the goat. "You have no kick coming."

"Not till I get you within reach," smiled the mule.

"Say, you ought to take something for that loose left hind corner of yours," said the goat; "some day it will fly off and hit somebody."

"That's what I keep it for," said the mule sententiously. "It's not there for ornament."

"No?" replied the goat, wagging his beard. "Well, perhaps; I should hardly care for it as a piece of bric-a-brac for my dining-room shelf."

"You'd thing it was a piece of brick-a-bat if it reached you."

"Let us trust it will not," said the goat. "I have no question that it would set harder on my stomach than that old piece of stovepipe with creosote in it that I ate last March. It was a juicy morsel but the creosote gave me 'a head' the next morning.

"Indeed!"

"Yes."

"Say," said the mule meditatively, "you know that cow you were telling me about, losing her horn."

"Yes."

"You tell her for me I know where she can get another."

"Where?"

"Why, you tell her to apply to the 'horn-it.' "

The goat made a vicious headlong plunge and caught the mule amidships and the air was full of excited animal talk till the old farmer came out and drove the goat over into the wood lot and put up the bars.

"Drat them critters. They're always at it."

—A. J. Russell.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

There is a queer situation in the sixth congressional district. Outside of C. B. Buckman, there is not a man in the district who will admit that he has any thought of running for congress. There are several prominent gentlemen, however, who are listening anxiously for the party to call them. Among them are D. B. Searle and Wm. Westerman of St. Cloud, A. N. Dare of Elk River, and J. D. Jones of Long Prairie.

Each one of these gentlemen realizes that there will have to be something done toward getting together. Each one is waiting for the rest to get together on him, to gracefully say, "you are the most available man; we want you and will support you for the nomination."

Something of that kind will have to happen within the next few months. There will have to be a getting together. Meanwhile there will be endless wirepulling and very little surface talk. Politicians of the sixth are just now resolved into a knockers' club. They are systematically knocking down each men mentioned for the nomination. Searle won't do, Westerman won't do, Dare won't do, Jones won't do, and so on all down the line.

By the time the state convention meets, they will have to find some one who will do.

Senator J. D. Jones says he has no thought whatever of running for congress. He is interested, however, in seeing party success in the new district. The republicans must win next year, or it will be a hard fight ever after. He reiterates his statement, which has been so criticized, that the party leaders should get together and decide on the best man to nominate. He says:

I haven't any candidate myself, but I do want to see us win. My idea is not for the bosses to run things and evade the primary law. It is just the opposite. It is to prevent self-constituted bosses from manipulating the district. I do not want any close corporation, but a general expression of opinion from republicans interested in party success, something to show us who is the strongest man to make the race.

Judge Searle has been waiting for a general rush in his direction, but it has failed to materialize. Most of his friends have advised him to stick to the bench, where he has served with signal ability for fourteen years. Many think he would be the strongest man in the district, but the judge has practically silenced the talk, for the present. In an interview with the Pioneer Journal of Wadena, he declared himself out of the race, which is evidently his ultimatum, unless the interview should result in a chorus of protests, forcing him into the fight. The Pioneer Journal says of the talk:

Judge Searle said that he did not care to be considered an aspirant for congressional honors. He said that his present position upon the district bench was congenial, and he would much rather continue to serve in the capacity of judge than to go to congress. Furthermore, he said that St. Cloud and Stearns county felt that it had secured a good many favors at the hands of the rest of the district, and that he was sure that all of the republicans there would much prefer to take off their coats for some good man outside of Stearns county and elect him. St. Cloud had no candidate for congress, and, so far as he knew now, they would have none. They wanted the rest of the district to unite upon some candiadte and it would be agreeable to them.

The judge said that several good men outside of Stearns county had been mentioned for congress. He hoped that one of them would be united upon, and the St. Cloud republicans would contribute to his success. He told the Pioneer Journal that if W. R. Baumbach of this city could be induced to change his mind and become a candidate, in his judgment he would make one of the strongest and best candidates that could be selected. He also looked upon either Senator J. D. Jones of this legislative district or A. N. Dare of Elk River as men well qualified to represent this district creditably in congress.

Ed Weaver of Mankato has punctured his boom for state auditor in the most effective way, by declaring for some one else. His candidacy was reported the other day in the St. Peter Herald, and Weaver hastened to write Editor Johnson:

Bob Dunn should and will be renominated and re-elected, and there will not be a candidate against him.

From all indications, Mr. Weaver speaks truth as far as the comma. As to a candidate against him, O. O. Halden of Duluth is already hustling, and makes no denial of the fact that he is after the auditorship. With a big field he would stand a splendid show, but single handed against Dunn he will be handicapped. Jacobson is not going into it with Dunn a candidate. In this the course of the Redwood Gazette is significant. One week Schahl announced Jacobson's candidacy, and his support of it. The next week he admitted that Jacobson was waiting to hear from Dunn, and would not come out unless Dunn withdrew. Schahl seemed to have seen a great white light.

Murray county claims the state senatorship in the Nobles-Murray district, and will have at least one candidate. H. C. Grass, O. O. Holmen and S. O. Morse, all of Slayton, would like to run. P. J. O'Connell, also of Murray county, is talked of for the lower house, but Murray cannot have both places.

The McIntosh Times does not want a special election in Polk county, and says frankly:

Senator Ryder can, and undoubtedly will, represent the district as well in the coming session as he has in any previous one, and we know of no reason why his removal to St. Paul should interfere in the least with his faithful representation of his district.

The Eden Valley Journal wants to see Seth C. Caswell of Manannah take J. W. Torry's place in the lower house, believing that "he would represent the county as it has not been represented for a long time."

There seems to be considerable sentiment in Douglas and Pope counties for Colonel G. B. Ward of Alexandria for state senator, to succeed C. P. Reeves of Glenwood. Colonel Ward made an enviable record in the lower house last winter.

A. L. Cole of Walker is one of the statesmen anxious to succeed C. C. McCarthy in the senate from the fifty-second district. Mr. Cole left the democratic party on the silver question, and is now straight republican.

Senator Nelson never used to have any trouble in finding people who would take political jobs. Lately he has had hard luck. He wanted James A. Peterson to take the district attorneyship. Peterson declined with thanks. He worked like a nailer to get Thomas Torson appointed a rural free delivery inspector. Torson decided he could not afford to take it.

If this keeps up, the senator will not have any trouble in proving that prosperity actually exists.

J. L. Jellison of Cohasset says he will oppose Page Morris for the congressional nomination on account of the timber clause in his Indian reservation bill. Jellison threatens to enter the race himself. Morris has not betrayed any signs of excitement yet. He is waiting to hear from Hiram Drystuff of Paint Rock.

The Osakis Review pertinently observes:

Some editors who have accused Governor Van Sant of lacking backbone, haven't backbone enough to back him up. Have you noticed?

—C. B. C.

IT'S MORGAN'S

I.

I came to a mill by the river's side,
A half mile long, and nearly as wide,
With forest of stacks and an army of men,
Toiling at furnace, shovel and pen—
"What a most magnificent plant!" I cried,
And a man with a smudge on his face replied—
"It's Morgan's."

II.

I entered a train and rode all day
In a regal coach, and a right of way
Which reached out its arms—all over the land—
In a system too large to understand;
"A splendid property, this!" I cried,
And a man with a plate on his hat replied—
"It's Morgan's."

III.

I sailed on a great ship, trim and true,
From pennon to keel and cabin to crew,
And the ship was one of a monster fleet,
A first-class navy could scarce compete.
"What a beautiful craft she is!" I cried,
And a man with akimbo legs replied—
"It's Morgan's."

IV.

I dwelt in a nation filled with pride,
Her people were many, her lands were wide,
Her record in war and science and art
Proved greatness of muscle and mind and heart.
"What a grand old country 'tis!" I cried,
And a man with his chest in the air replied—
"It's Morgan's."

V.

I went to heaven—the jasper walls
Towered high and wide, and the golden halls
Shone bright beyond—but a strange new mark
Was over the gate, viz., "Private Park."
"Why, what is the meaning of this?" I cried,
And a saint with a livery on replied—
"It's Morgan's."

VI.

I went to the only place left—I'll take
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,
Or, perhaps, I may be allowed to sit
On the griddled floor of the "bottomless pit."
But a leering lout with a grin on his face
Cried out as he forked me off the place—
"It's Morgan's."

—Denver Times.

A Cartoon With a Sharp Point.

Sioux Falls (S. D.) Press.

A cartoon containing a point, an argument and a plain moral is a stronger appeal than columns of rhetoric. The Minneapolis Journal, always successful in reaching public understanding through its cartoons, outdid itself in its issue of the 10th inst. It represents the tariff dog, fat and lusty, lying asleep with its head protruding from its kennel. A pup playing in the foreground is labeled "Philippine Tariff." Congressman Payne is making a sneak on the pup. Query: "Can he muzzle the pup without disturbing the big dog?"

Afraid of the "Mighty."

Brookings (S. D.) Individual.

With all respect to Governor Van Sant, we can but view his efforts to block the railway combine much as we would view the endeavors of a "billy" goat to buck a locomotive from the track. Both instances show admirable purpose, but mighty poor judgment.

BOY'S LOVE.

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

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"Are you cold?" He asked the question politely, but not solicitously. Each time he had walked to the top of the little sand dune, and back again to the lone figure sitting in silent dignity among the straggly sword grasses and sand cherries he had asked the same question with the same result.

"Thanks; not at all," said Jeannette, without removing her gaze from the blot of ink splashed on the lake's sunset-stained breast far to the westward that represented Macatawa island.

"Are you hungry?"

"No."

The other times he had gone away to his solitary lookout when she had uttered that frozen negative. Now he paused and took another look at her. She was cold. She must be cold in that lacy, foolish, exquisite excuse for a rational garment which she wore. It was nearly 7, and there had sprung up a fresh, cool lake breeze since the sun shot its last crimson shaft above the pines of the mainland shore. He was cold with his coat and sweater on. "If only she would give some sign of weakening!" he thought, and then caught a glimpse of her profile—the uplifted, rebellious chin and the short upper lip, the straight little nose, with its delicious tendency to tilt heavenward, and the fluttering wisps of straying curls that the wind tossed where it pleased—and his foot ground an unoffending clump of aspiring clover in the sand.

If she had never kissed him, it would have been another matter, but she had—not once; he could distinctly remember several times. And they were not cousinly kisses either. Eleanor kissed him in a cousinly fashion—friendly, mild little shies at his chin or eyebrow—when he had a birthday or left for college, but Jean had been different—different ever since he could remember, when, a thin, big-eyed, red-haired young creature of 6, she had proclaimed her love for him from the housetops and graciously showered him with favors varying from sticky caramel kisses to the eyes of her loved doll when the latter went the way of her kind. He looked at his watch. The boat could not possibly reach them from Macatawa before another half hour. It would make a landing on its way around the lake to gather up the cottagers from the hop.

"Are you hungry?"

It was a last appeal. Jeannette plucked a spray of sand cherries and began to eat them stoically. He remembered other girls with red hair who had the same pleasant, maddening little ways at critical moments. It must be in the color, or was it just pure——

She glanced up indignantly when he knelt beside her and wrapped his coat around her, and then laughed when she saw the look on his face.

"I like you when you're like that, Tom," she said.

"Like what?"

"Oh, just brace up and boss me and forget your're only a boy! Can you see the boat yet?"

"No; I'm not a boy. Does Kerwin boss you?"

"Not very much; sometimes. He's never rude."

"Isn't that pleasant?" After a pause: "Do you like him so awfully well?"

He was stretched out on the sand at her feet, all his heart in his eyes as he looked at her. They were good eyes that had not yet lost the frank, questioning directness of boyhood. Jeannette gazed steadily at the red light that had suddenly flickered to life in the lighthouse at Osbourne point.

"Pretty well," she said thoughtfully.

"Better than you do me?"

"You are so disagreeable at times, Tom, that it isn't fair to judge," she returned generously. "You keep one so in doubt, you know, and Mr. Kerwin is always the same. He is one of the most amiable men I have ever met."

"I hate amiable men."

"How you must love yourself, dear!"

"Don't call me dear. When we fight, you always ring in the cousin racket and 'dear boy' me. I'm not a boy."

"Don't growl so. You are a boy, six feet one and a hundred and sixty pounds of good, solid, sweet tempered lovable boy. I wonder if Mr. Kerwin will be worried about me and come on the boat. He has the first waltz."

"You always give him waltzes. All I get are two-steps. What fellow has any chance in a two-step?"

"Two-steps were made for you, Tom. Your graceful prance is heavenly. I feel as if I had been at a football game when you slow up and deposit my remains on a friendly chair. But one doesn't waltz as if one were wound up like a toy engine to scoot from wall to wall in a frenzy. Mr. Kerwin learned in Europe, he says."

"If I could think that you only did it to torment me, the way it was with Bob and Cliff Maxon and the rest, I wouldn't care a hang. But some way he seems different. He's forty-five"—

"Thirty-six."

"It's all the same, and I know Uncle Nick smells cold cash or he'd never throw you at his head the way he does."

"He doesn't throw me at his head," came the hot denial. "Eleanor is always with us."

"Oh, well, Eleanor, she's 'most thirty"—

"Twenty-five last April."

"I don't care. She wouldn't look at Kerwin. If he comes on the boat, I'll throw him in the lake."

"You sweet child! Tom, dear, do you know"—

"No; I don't know," he retorted bitterly. "I don't know anything, Jeanie, except that I love you, and you don't care a rap."

There was silence. After a few minutes she stole a glance at him. His head was lying on his arms, his face hidden. She smiled a little, tremulous, fearful smile. What a boy he was! A man would have known, taken it for granted anyway. But all he did was avow his cause and lay down heart and sword before the battle had even begun.

Far off on the distant marsh some night fowl sent a quavering, anxious cry across the lake, and the water lapped lazily among the reeds down near the rickety old pier.

She shivered and looked away from the strong, athletic young figure lying among the sword grasses at her feet. If he had not been going away that night! How long half a year seems when one must be alone! But he was such a boy! She turned and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Tom, don't do that," she said quickly, a little frown contracting her eyebrows. "I didn't know. You always acted as if it were half fun. Don't you know you did? And Rob and Cliff weren't in earnest. Boys aren't generally. They fall in love because—oh, just because! And I thought you were the same. I didn't think you would want it to be forever, the way men do."

No response from the prostrate figure. Her hand wandered to his hair. It was thick, wavy hair. She had loved to pull it back in the old days when she had been angry with him. One could get such a splendid grip.

"You never said you really wanted me, you know, Tom." The words did not come as easily now. "Mr. Kerwin proposed, really and truly, in the regulation way, like a man. You never even proposed."

The figure sat bolt upright.

"What did he say?"

"The boat has left the island."

"How did he do it?"

"They'll be here pretty soon."

"Jean, look at me. Don't laugh."

After awhile, when they could hear the slow, faint whistle of the boat and walked down to the pier together swinging hands, he asked suddenly:

"Did I do it right?"

"Lovely!"

"You dear! Better than Kerwin?"

"Ask Eleanor!" she said.

Daily New York Letter

Help for the Boer Cause.

Dec. 16.—A meeting of citizens in sympathy with the Boer movement was held at Nostrand and Dekalb avenues, Brooklyn, last night, and several hundred dollars were subscribed for the cause. It was said that a petition was being circulated for signatures asking President Roosevelt to put a stop to England's purchasing horses, supplies and contraband goods in this country. It is expected that 2,000,000 signatures will be secured to this petition. Over 10,000 German American citizens, it is said, will go to Washington and urge congress and the president to take steps to bring about the desired result. A committee, of which Frederick Meyer is chairman, was appointed to carry on the work.

John H. Hassell, a captain in the Boer army, who is a native of Brooklyn, made an address. In 1893 he began his career as a soldier in the Boer army and was with Cronje for a long time and was wounded in one of the battles.

The speaker said that it was not warfare that was being carried on, but simply murder. He said the Boers would win. They did not want anything for themselves, but wanted to help the women and children, who were in the reconcentrado camps. The idea was to help these women and children now, as in five years there might not be any women and children, if things were allowed to go on as at present.

Nasty Weather on the Ocean.

A strong ebb tide, assisted by the northwesterly gale, took charge of the French liner La Bretagne, from Havre, as she made an effort to warp into her dock at the foot of Morton street yesterday afternoon. Her own power and that of a little squadron of tugs was exerted two hours before she got alongside her pier. She hung across the pier head, stern down stream, for more than an hour.

Her voyage had been one of the most tempestuous ever recorded in her log. Hail, sleet, snow and rainstorms, with lofty seas impeded her progress.

The Cunarder Etruria, in from Liverpool and Queenstown, was also long in docking. She arrived off Sandy Hook at 2 a. m., and found nasty weather to anchor in, so Captain McKay decided to keep under way until the on shore gale, thick with a driving rain, abated.

He did not anchor but came up to quarantine in the teeth of the frosty northeaster on a flood tide.

He expected the mail steamer to meet him in the upper bay and take off 1,776 sacks of Christmas mail, weighing more than sixty tons. The sacks were piled on the starboard side of the liner and with the help of the gale, blowing on the other side, listed her far over. It was too rough for the mail boat to do her usual trick and the Cunarder came up to her dock looking as if she had shifted her cargo. The list was the chief cause of her delay in docking.

How a Pawnbroker Was "Worked."

A well-known Delancey street pawnbroker, who is considered one of the shrewdest men in the business, is receiving condolences over his loss of $180 to two very slick swindlers. One afternoon last week a shabbily dressed man visited the pawnshop and asked for a loan on a violin and bow.

"I vas a blayer from Poland," he said, "undt I vouldn't lose dat fiddle for anythings. It is werry waluable."

"I'll give you $98 on it," said the pawnbroker.

"All righdt," said the young man, "dot vill helb me guid. Budt blease, misder don'd wrab it ub. It mightd be hurdt chust hand id up. I vill taig id ouid to-morrow."

The pawnbroker placed the violin on a shelf behind the counter. The next day another man entered the pawnshop to price some silverware, his long, black hair hung over his coat collar and he wore gold-rimmed glasses. The silverware did not suit him, but he took a look at the violin and then he said: "Ah, dot loogs liag a fine violin. Vill you led me see idt."

The violin and bow were handed to him and he examined them critically. Then he exclaimed rapturously: "Ah, ad lasdt I haf foundt von of dem. Ach, vat a choicous news. A real Von at lastdt, ad lasdt."

"Found what?" asked the pawn broker.

"Regular chenuine Rubinsky violin," said the man. "I am a Polish brofessor. Sell it to me, mister. I will gif you three hundred tollars for id righd avay."

"I can't do that," said the pawnbroker, "because it was only pledged yesterday."

"Tell me der man's name who owns id," persisted the violinist.

"I won't do that either," said the pawnbroker, scenting an opportunity to make a bargain himself, "but I'll go and see the owner and ask him if he wants to sell."

"All righdt," said the would-be purchaser; "here is $20 to bind der bargain. I vill be here to-morrow undt bay der balance if he sells id."

"Ach," said the owner, when the pawnbroker sought him. "I couldn't sell id for less dan two hundredt tollars. Id cosdt me fife hundredt tollars in Polandt."

After some bickering the pawnbroker bought the violin for $200 and departed in glee over his supposed luck in getting such a bargain. He waited impatiently the next day for the Polish professor to come and pay him $280, the balance due. He has been waiting ever since.

The violin is worth about $12.

Another Clever Swindling Trick.

William Fischer, the agent of the uptown station of the Sixth avenue elevated road, at W Broadway and Grand street, was swindled by a clever trick on Saturday night. He lost about $400 of the company's receipts by the operation. About 7 o'clock a man dressed in the company's uniform walked up to the door of the ticket office and greeted Fischer cheerfully. Fischer thought he recognized him as an old employe of the road.

"Say, Fischer," remarked the visitor, "something has happened up town and the boss has sent me down to relieve you. You have been ordered to report at headquarters."

If Fischer had any suspicions they were dispelled when another man got off a downtown train and handed the ticket chopper a telegram. The telegram purported to come from the telegraph station above, and in effect said that Fischer had been relieved from duty. The man who brought the telegram walked away. Then Fischer handed the stranger the money he had taken in, his pass book and the unsold tickets, and departed.

The man who was supposed to relieve him took charge of the office and began selling tickets as if he were an old hand at the business. In about five minutes he called Edward Duffy, the ticket chopper, and told him to watch out for him while he washed his face and hands. For the next half hour Duffy was so busy selling tickets that he did not notice how long the stranger had been away. Then his suspicions were aroused. Soon after that Fischer appeared at company's headquarters, and an examination showed that his bogus relief had got away with $388.

"The Godless Schools."

In an address before the Sunday school mission conference to-day, Rev. Dr. Rhoades of the American Missionary Baptist Union said: "I can see no difference between the principles of education as taught in our public schools and the same principles applied to our Sunday schools, whether attendance be compulsory or voluntary, whether teachers be voluntary or paid. The denominational divisions of the churches have forced the exclusion of the Bible and its teaching from our public schools, and the taunt is thrown in our faces that our schools are godless schools. We cannot fling back the taunt, for it is true. There is nothing of God in the education of our children, in their geography, history, civil government, science, sociology. All is without connection with either God or the Bible, and thus are laid the foundations of materialism. The critical point to be laid hold of is this: Begin the work of missionary education in the Sunday school right from the kindergarten and continue it in every department."